

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.



D U B L I N :

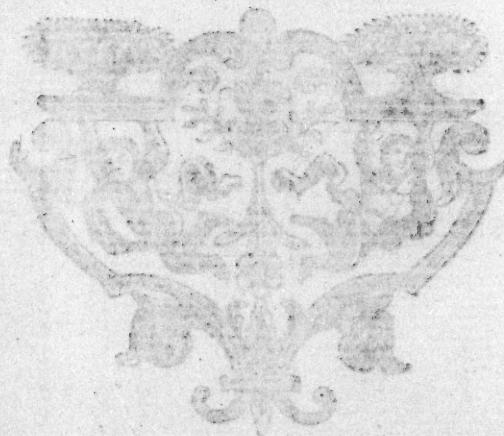
Printed by S. POWELL, for the AUTHOR.

M DCC XLVIII.

P O E M S

ON

Several Occasions.



Borrowed by G. Bowler, for the Author.
MDCCCLXVII



P R E F A C E.

L O V E inspir'd me first to sing,
Love taught me first to tune the String;

Never from vain or venal Views
Did I invoke the gentle Muse,

My Verse, the Child of Ease and Love,

Had it's first Being in the Grove,

Where, by my partial Swain admir'd,

Had all the Praise I e'er desir'd ;

Fame it's alluring Toils had spread in vain,

And that neglecting cou'd I think on Gain.

But when th' all-righteous Hand of Heaven
To all my Joys a Blow had given,

The

P R E F A C E.

The Infant Objects of my Care,
Doom'd in their Mother's Woe to share,
The Labours of my Head or Hand
With strictest Justice must demand ;
To ease their Wants, I'd gladly bear
The Laugh of Wits, the Criticks Sneeze,
The Wise, the Virtuous, will approve my Lays,

And not the Author, but the Mother praise.

TO THE

A U T H O R

OF THE FOLLOWING

P O E M S.

TOO long your Sex its sprightly Thoughts em-
ploy

On glitt'ring Trifles and fantastic Toys,

You deck your Angel Forms with too much Care

To make Creation's fairest Part more fair,

Us Men you strive too studiously to please,

While to your Pride you sacrifice your Ease,

But why, ah why! neglect you to improve

These innate Graces which inhance your Love,

B

Those

Those Seeds of Wit, which still preserve their Prime
 When Beauty's Pow'r becomes a Prey to Time?
 You *David*-like encumber'd hope Success
 With the unwieldy Arms of Pride and Dress,
 When with your native Charms you sooner can
 Conquest obtain o'er that *Goliab*—Man,
 While like his Lyre your Converse can controul
 Each anxious Care, and harmonize his Soul.

In Nature's Conduct ev'ry where we see
 Order and strictest Uniformity,
 And where with lavish Hand the Goddess spent
 On the bare Form such dazzling Ornament,
 'Tis more than probable she there design'd
 To furnish with superior Charms the Mind,
 When with gay Blossoms some fair Tree she crowns
 With timely Fruit each laden Branch abounds.

But you the certain Means to please have hit,
 To more than female Charms add manly Wit;
 Such Ease and Spirit lives in every Line,
 And in each Thought such Elegance does shine,

That

That *Sappho* seems to bless *Hibernia's Isle*,
And make her barren Rocks and Mountains smile.

On what vain Arts can we depend, what Arms
Can we employ to shield us from your Charms?
In vain our boasted Reason we put on,
Your Wit secures the Power your Eyes have won.

If, Ladies, this bright Pattern you pursue,
And your Minds' Beauties your fair Forms outdo,
If Pomp and Equipage degraded are,
And in their stead good Sense and Wit appear,
If your Applause from Cloaths and Fops displac'd
To Men of Genius turn and Works of Taste,
Enliven'd by your Smiles the Muse shall raise
Her drooping Head, and trim her wither'd Bays ;
Guverna's Dames for Wit shall be renown'd
Far as their Charms are fam'd—the World around.

'Tis done—methinks I future Beauties see
Their Thoughts refine, and form their Taste by thee ;

No more whole Hours before the Glass they stand,
 And deck their Persons with too curious Hand,
 But in this Mirror of thy Works they view
 What Female Genius when improv'd can do,
 Then in joint Praises celebrate her Name
 Who vindicates from Ignorance their Fame.

R. S.

POEMS



P O E M S

ON

Several Occasions.

On the New Star, 1737.

O FT had I beg'd my charming Friend
A Lock of her bright Hair to send,
Which clos'd within a christal Case,
My Bosom or my Arm should grace :
But, ah ! I was deny'd by Fate,
E're to possess a Gift so great,

The God of Love the Ringlet seiz'd,
And thus he said, and seem'd displeas'd,
A Mortal be thus greatly blest
Of *Bellamira's* Hair posses'd?
No! 'tis for greater Views design'd,
Than round *Arpasia's* Arm to bind,
He said, and to *Jove's* Throne he flies,
And thus he to the Godhead cries :
Great Jove, paternal Power, hear,
Exalt this beauteous Lock of Hair ;
The brightest Star here let it show,
As she's the brightest Nymph below.
The God consents, and lo! from far,
We see appear that glittering Star.

To BELLAMIRA.

HOW ardently did *Bella* vow,
To me eternal Love?
How insincere that Promise was,
Her broken Vows do prove.

Give

Give me, ye Powers, the Friend whose Tongue

Will ne'er out-run her Heart ;

But calmly kind her steady Love,

With gentle Ease impart.

With sudden Noise, thus Torrents rise,

And fall with Summer's Sun,

While smoother Streams that softly glide,

Will never cease to run.

To FIDELIO.

THE Sun, that setting gilds the Sky,

And charms with mildest Rays the Eye ;

To me does with faint Light appear,

For my *Fidelio* is not here.

The Stream, that thro' the Meadow glides,

And tinkling o're the Pebbles slides ;

How harsh it's Murmurs to my Ear,

Since my *Fidelio* is not here !

The Primrose and the Violet too,

Now robb'd of their once lovely Hue ;

Scentless and pale to me appear,
Since my *Fidelio* is not here.

The Lambs, that wont with harmless Play,
In wanton Gambols round to stray ;
All dull to me their Sports appear,
Since my *Fidelio* is not here.

The Lark, the Linnet, and the Thrush,
That sweetly warble from each Bush,
Their Notes seem Discord to my Ear,
Since my *Fidelio* is not here.

Come then my Swain, oh ! come and bring
With thee the Beauties of the Spring ;
Add to the Sun's resplendent Beams,
Give Musick to the purling Streams,
Restore the Violet's blooming Die,
And bid the Primrose charm the Eye.
Again the Birds shall tune the Lay,
The Lambs resume their sportive Play ;
In Charms all Nature shall appear,
When my much-lov'd *Fidelio*'s here.

On

On the Death of Captain Lewis Folliot.

BACCHUS God of rosy Wine,
Reclin'd beneath a curling Vine,
Near which entomb'd his *Lewis* lay,
Lewis, sprightly once, and gay,
Sighing to himself thus said,
Mirth and *Lewis* both are dead ;
Nought of all his Glee remains,
His Jovial Wit, his jocund Strains,
My truest Votary adieu !
Devoutly was I serv'd by you ;
No one at my ruby'd Shrine,
So constant hail'd my Power divine.
Some, when the Sun springs from the Sea,
Retire and sleep away the Day :
But *Phæbus* in his circling round,
My *Lewis*, ever drinking found,
To prove his Faith what more cou'd he,
Himself he sacrific'd to me.

The

The Lyre. From Anacreon.

AS SIST me each heroick Muse,
Loftiest Numbers will I chuse,
To mighty Deeds I'll tune my String,
Austria's or Britain's Arms I'll sing.
In vain; the Cords to War won't move,
My *Lyre* will nothing sound but Love;
The tender Threads away I'll throw,
Let *Cupid* fit them to his Bow.
Of sounding Brasses mine shall be made,
And War shall echo thro' each Shade;
Ah me! I find, 'tis all in vain,
Love will soften every Strain.

Then farewell to loud Alarms,
Austria's or Britain's conquering Arms;
Of Love I'll sing, of Love I'll play,
Love and *Fidelio* claim each Lay.

The

The Wedding-Ring, a Pambaic.

LITTLE, but too powerful Tie,
Bane of Female Liberty ;
Alternatives of Joy and Pain,
In thy slender Round remain ;
Now, we bless the pleasing Yoke,
Now, we wish the Bond were broke ;
Virgins sigh to wear thy Chain,
Wives wou'd fain be free again ;
We're ador'd when thou'rt receiv'd,
Ever after we're enslav'd.

S I L V I A.

TELL me, thou partial God of Love,
Neglected *Sylvia* said,
Why all my Airs thus fruitless prove,
Why am I still a Maid ?

While

While I employ each Coquet Art,

In Hopes to aid your Bow,

Why will not you one trifling Dart

To all my Pains bestow !

In vain you breathe to me your Pray'r,

The God of Love reply'd,

While your fantastic Coquet Air

Strikes every Shaft aside.

Thus Harlequins so wild appear,

They fright the Game away ;

While skilful Setting-Dogs draw near,

And silent seize their Prey.

To FIDELIO.

FAIN would I to *Fidelio* tell

The Reasons why I love so well.

But count the Stars that deck the Sky,

Or Sands that near the Ocean lie,

Or

Or Streams that wander to the Main,
Or the Drops of Vernal Rain,
Or Virtues that in *Bella* shine,
Or all the Faults of *Ragotine*,
The Coquet's Airs, the Lover's Lies,
Or Conquests made by *Stella's* Eyes ;
As each of these un-number'd prove,
So are the Reasons for my Love.

On the LAWYERS.

FOR ever jarring, yet for ever Friends,
In Points you differ, but unite in Ends ;
A Scissars thus for ever seems to fight,
And yet for ever in one Point unite ;
And tho' with Blades extended wide is seen,
Yet cuts at nothing but what comes between.

A SONG.

A SONG.

HAPPY the Songsters of the Grove,

With heavenly Freedom blest,

While uncontrol'd around they rove,

Of every Joy possest :

No Care they feel, no Grief they know,

While blest with thee,

Oh Liberty !

— Oh charming charming Liberty,

Thou only Bliss below.

II.

Mankind created Lord of all,

Seeks Happiness in vain,

When he an abject Slave can fall

To Love's despotic Reign :

Embitter'd all his Pleasures flow,

Depriv'd of thee,

Oh Liberty !

— Oh charming charming Liberty,

Thou only Bliss below.

O for-

O fortunatos nimium, &c. parapbras'd.

By a young Gentleman.

OH ! happy Swains, did they know how to prize,
The many Blessings rural Life supplies ;
Where in safe Huts from clatt'ring Arms afar,
The Pomp of Cities and the Din of War :
Indulgent Earth to pay his lab'ring Hand,
Pours in his Arms the Blessings of the Land :
Calm thro' the Vallies flows along his Life,
He knows no Danger as he knows no Strife.
What tho' no marble Posts nor Rooms of State,
Vomit the cringing Torrent from his Gate ;
Tho' no proud Purple hangs his stately Halls,
Nor lives the breathing Brass along his Walls :
Tho' the Sheep cloaths him without Colours Aid,
Nor seeks he foreign Luxury from Trade ;
Yet Peace and Honesty adorn his Days,
With rural Riches and a Life of Ease.

Joyous the yellowing Fields, here *Ceres* sees,
Here blushing Clusters bend the groaning Trees ;

Here

Here spreads the Silver Lake, and all around,
Perpetual Green and Flowers adorn the Ground.

How happy too the peaceful Rustic lies,
The Grass his Bed, his Canopy the Skies ;
From Heat retiring to the Noontide Glade,
His Trees protect him with an ample Shade :
No jarring Sounds invade his settling Breast,
His looing Cows shall lull him into Rest.

Here 'mong the Caves, the Woods and Rocks around,
Here, only here, the hardy Youth abound ;
Religion here has fix't her pure Abodes,
Parents are honour'd, and ador'd the Gods ;
Departing Justice when she fled Mankind,
In those blest Plains her Footsteps left behind.

Cœlestia Nine, my only Joy and Care,
Whose Love inflames me, and whose Rites I bear ;
Lead me, oh lead me ! from the vulgar Throng,
Cloath Nature's Mysteries in thy rapt'rous Song ;
What various Forms in Heaven's broad Belt appear,
Whose Limits bound the Circle of the Year :

Or

Or spread around in glittering order lie,
Or roll in mystic Numbers thro' the Sky :
What dims the Midnight Lustre of the Moon ?
What Cause obstructs the Sun's bright Rays at Noon ?
Why haste his fiery Steeds so much to lave,
Their splendid Chariot in the wintry Wave ?
Or why bring on the lazy Morn so slow ?
What Love detains them in the Realms below ?

But if this dull, this feeble Breast of mine
Can't reach such Heights, or hold such Truths divine,
O may I seek the rural Shades alone,
Of half Mankind unknowing and unknown ;
Range by the Borders of the Grove or Flood,
And waste a Life ingloriously good.

Hail, blooming Fields, where Joy unclouded reigns,
Where Silver *Sperchius* leaves the yellowing Plains ;
Oh ! when, *Taygeta*, shall I hear around,
Lyæus praise the Spartan Virgin's Sound ?

What God will bear me from this burning Heat,
 In *Hemus'* Valley to some cool Retreat?
 Where Oaks and Laurels guard the sacred Ground,
 And with their ample Foliage shade me round.

* Happy the Man who vers'd in Nature's Laws,
 From known Effects can trace the hidden Cause:
 Him not the Terrors of the Vulgar fright,
 The vagrant Forms and Spectres of the Night;
 Black and relentless Fate he tramples on,
 And all the Rout of greedy *Acheron*,
 Happy whose Life the rural God approves,
 The Guardian of his growing Flocks and Groves;
 Harmonious *Pan* and old *Sylvanus* join,
 The Sister Nymphs to make his Joys divine.
 Him not the Splendors of a Crown can please,
 Or Consul's Honours bribe to quit his Ease;
 Tho' on his Will should crowded Armies wait,
 And suppliant Kings come suing to his Gate.
 No piteous Objects here his Peace molest,
 Nor can he sorrow while another's blest :

* Dryden.

His

His Food alone, what bounteous Nature yields,
From bending Orchards and luxuriant Fields,
Pleas'd he accepts, nor seeks the mad Resort
Of thronging Clients and litigious Court,

Let one delight all Danger's Forms to brave,
Rush on the Sword or plunge into the Wave,
Destroy whole Nations with an easy Mind,
And make a general Havock of his Kind ;
That on a *Tyrian* Couch he may recline,
And from a costlier Goblet quaff his Wine :
Another's Soul is buried with his Store,
Hourly he heaps, and hourly longs for more :
Some in the Rostrum fix their sole Delight :
Some in th' Applauses of a rich third Night :
While Gain smiles lovely in another's Eyes,
Tho' Brother's Blood should buy the horrid Prize ;
Tho' from his Country Guilt should make him run,
Where other Nations feel another Sun.

The happy Rustic turns the fruitful Soil,
And hence proceeds the Year's revolving Toil ;

On this his Country for Support depends,
On this his Cattle, Family, and Friends ;
For this the bounteous Gods reward his Care
With all the Products of the various Year :

His youngling Flocks now whiten all the Plain,
Now sink his Furrows with the teeming Grain :
Beauteous to those *Pomona* adds her Charms,
And pours her fragrant Treasures in his Arms ;
From loaden Boughs the Orchard's rich Produce,
The mellow Apple and the gen'rous Juice.

Now Winter's frozen Hand benumbs the Plain,
The Winter too has Blessings for the Swain :
His grunting Herd is fill'd without his Toil,
His groaning Presses overflow with Oil.

The languid Autumn crown'd with yellow Leaves,
With bleeding Fruit and golden-bearded Sheaves,
Her various Products scatters o'er the Land,
And rears the Horn of Plenty in her Hand.
Nor less than these wait his domestic Life,
His darling Children, and his virtuous Wife :

The Day's long Absence they together mourn,

Hang on his Neck and welcome his Return :

The Cows departing from the joyful Field,

Before his Door their milky Tribute yield ;

While on the Green the frisking Kids engage,

With adverse Horns and counterfeited Rage.

He too when mark'd with White the festal Day,

Devotes his Hours to rural Sport and Play ;

Stretch'd on the Green amid the jovial Quire

Of boon Companions that surround the Fire ;

With Front enlarg'd he crowns the flowing Bowl,

And calls thee, *Bacchus*, to inspire his Soul.

Now warm'd with Wine to vig'rous Sports to rise,

High on an Elm is hung the Victor's Prize :

To him 'tis giv'n, whose Force with greatest Speed

Can wing the Dart, or urge the fiery Steed.

Such Manners made the ancient *Sabines* bold,

Such was the Life led *Romulus* of old ;

By Arts like these divine *Hetruria* grows,

From such Foundations mighty *Rome* arose ;

Whose God-like Fame the World's wide Circuit fills,
Who with one Wall has circled seven vast Hills.

Such was, e'er Jove began his Iron Reign,
E'er Mankind feasted upon Oxen slain,
The Life that Saturn and his Subjects led,
E'er from the Land offended Justice fled ;
As yet the brazen Ule of Arms unknown,
And Anvils rung with Scythes and Shares alone.

From the French.

I Faint, I die, poor Strepion cries,
And Light'ning darts from Cloe's Eyes ;
Be calm (says he) fair Nymph, 'tis true,
I faint, I die, but not for you.

I F Punishment must be the Lot

Of those who aim too high,

Severe will be the Fate, I wot,

Of haughty Charles and I. x

But

x End of an article

But my Ambition soars beyond

His Flight, too low and mean !

He but the Nations wou'd command,

I'd yield the Rule of Sea and Land,

In *William's* Heart to reign.

To Lilliputia, on her saying I was very ugly.

W I T H better Grace might D——e,

My native Form deride,

Since she supply'd with matchless Skill,

What Nature had deny'd.

If I am fair, how vain's your Aim,

Since nothing you can say

Can of their Lustre rob my Eyes,

Or make my Bloom decay.

Age may do much, while happy you,

Exempt from Beauty's Curse,

May fairly boast you have a Form,

That Time cannot make worse.

To

To Mr. B — on his saying he wou'd not be content with a Lady's Heart without her Person,

WO U'D you not, *Damon*, blame the Man,
Who'd throw a Gem away,
Unless the Jewel was bestow'd
Wrap'd in inferior Clay ?

With Reason, say, cou'd you reject

The Offer of a Heart,

And childishly refuse the best,

Without the baser Part ?

No ! leave to Brutes those sensual Thoughts,

And each gross Wish controul ;

Since yours are those superior Charms,

That captivate the Soul.

On a Lady —

SHOU'D some soft Youth, unskill'd in Arts,
On *Titiana* gaze,
Caught with her Charms and rosy Bloom,
He'd stand in deep Amaze.

For

For such a Face, with Zeal misplac'd,

His Praise to Heav'n he'd pay;

Nor Fancy 'twas in her fair Hands

The Power creative lay.

From the French.

VENUS, reclin'd in *Ida's Grove*,

Thus chid the smiling God of Love:

In vain you boast your mighty Sway,

That Gods and Men your Arms obey!

Shall Gods and Men your Power know,

And Girls alone despise your Bow?

For none of all the tuneful Nine

Has e'er thy Godhead own'd, or mine:

Come take thy fleetest, sharpest Dart,

And deep transfix a Muse's Heart:

Ah! no, Mama, the Boy reply'd,

In vain wou'd all my Force be try'd:

A Muse I ne'er can hope to wound,

A Muse is never idle found.

On my Birth-Day.

BEING of Beings, by whose Will
I breath the vital Air,
By whose all-gracious Power I still
Survive the Good, the Fair.
While I see Numbers hourly part
From all that Life can give,
Thy Mercy guards me from the Dart,
And bids thy Servant live.
Tho' doom'd to what the World calls Woe,
Torn from my Soul's delight ;
It was thy Hand that struck the Blow,
And all thou do'st is right.
Oh ! still, Almighty Power, be thou
My Guardian, Help, and Stay,
And hear the grateful Thanks I owe
For this returning Day.

To BELLAMIRAH

B ELLA, see, the Ice in Chains

Yonder limpid Stream detained,

Once in smiling Curls it flow'd,

And each bordering Flower show'd,

That a fragrant Pillow made

For the Love-sick Shepherd's Head,

Lull'd into a golden Dream,

By the Murmur of the Stream.

Now the Winter's chill Embrace

Binds it in a christal Case,

Yet the Fountain still remains,

Tho' the Ice it's Course restrains,

And releas'd by Summers Sun,

Thro' the Meads again 'twill run;

Thus that Friendship, which to thee

Once so fondly flow'd from me,

By thy Coldness frozen o'er,

Can exert itself no more,

Can no more invoke the Muse,

Bella for her Theme to choose:

Yet Kindness like a Southern Wind,

Wou'd the rigid Charm unbind,

And the unfailing Fountain shew,

Whence to thee my Numbers flow.

On my Wedding-Day.

Curst

HAIR to the ever happy Day, dearable

That gave me *Valentine*;

Sincerely grateful let me say,

How blest to have him mine?

But ah! in vain I try my Art.

The Theme is much too high.

And tender Thoughts so fill my Heart,

They Utterance deny.

May I with him from Year to Year.

As long as Life shall last.

See each succeeding Day appear.

~~As happy as the last.~~

Te

To Miss FORBES.

THIS Morning to Pen, Ink, and Paper I flew,
Determin'd my Dear to say something of you,

For Assistance I earnestly call'd on my Muse,
Nor ever imagin'd her Aid she'd refuse.

Attempt not, she cry'd, to sing *Maria's Praise*,
Too weak is thy Pen, too trifling thy Lays,
By *Hortense* alone the great Task should be done,
As only *Apelles* should draw *Philip's Son*.

To BELLA MIRA,

HEAR the greatest Wish I have,
'Tis not to be or wise or brave,
'Tis not to be for Beauty fam'd,
Or fly Name for Wit proclaim'd:
These are each a transient Charm,
Which Time or Envy oft disarm:
No, my Thoughts much higher move,
I wish a Blessing next to Love;

Friendship

Friendship fain I would have mine,
 And wou'd have that Friendship thine ;
 This granted, I can ask no more,
 Fate ha'nt a greater Bliss in store.

Wrote after my Recovery from a Fever.

ARISE and live, our great Restorer said,
 And the heal'd sick forsook his weary Bed :
 When every human Help in vain is sought,
 And Ease can't on the highest Terms be bought,
 When stern Disease rules with a powerful Will,
 And baffles the last Force of human Skill,
 Then, even then, he gave the great Command,
 And the Foe funk beneath th' Almighty Hand ;
 Me to new Life this glorious God did raise,
 A Life too short to tell his wond'rous Praise,
 To tell with Truth how great, how good, the Pow'r
 Who heal'd me almost at the fatal Hour,
 Far from the Thoughts of Death my Soul remov'd,
 Restor'd to more than Life, to Him I lov'd.

On

Hengfield

On Mr. Pope's writing the Dunciad.

By Mr. D—.

WHEN the plum'd Race first sought to make
a King,

The Wren lay couch'd beneath the Eagle's Wing;
Who when with rapid Flight he'd reach'd the Skies,
Says, Who is't doubts my Reign? The Wren replies,
I, who have follow'd thee with eager Pace,
Demand the Honour of an equal Place.

So, *Pope*, with glorious Care thou dost contend,
To give those Dunces Fame that ne'er shall end.

The G A R L A N D.

COME, *Bellamira*, let us bring
The choicest Beauties of the Spring,
That a Garland may be made
To adorn *Lysander's Head* ;
Of the Laurel it must be,
For a Conqueror is he;

Let

Let sweet Bryar too be there,
 Sharp and sweet is Lover's Care ;
 Let the Lilly too be brought,
 Emblem of unspotted Thought,
 And fragrant Violets, where we see
 The Charms of sweet Humility ;
 Myrtle and Thought together bind,
 Thought and Love should still be join'd ;
 And bring the gay Anemony,
 To shew how soon our Charms fly ;
 But faint Narcissus far remove,
 Pale Resemblance of Self-love ;
 The Tulip too forbear to crop,
 Gaudy Likeness of a Fop ;
 But bring the sweetly blushing Rose,
 That Virtue's modest Beauty shows,
 Time destroys its Form in vain,
 'Twill still its balmy Scent retain ;
 Let peaceful Olive bind it fast,
 For without Peace what Love can last.

Lysander

Lysander crown'd with this shall be

Sweeter than the sweetest He.

On BELINDA's Picture.

WHEN Venus with peculiar Grace
Had form'd the fair Belinda's Face,
Griev'd to reflect that all her Art
Must yield to Death's unerring Dart,
That the bright Form we all adore,
In half an Age must be no more;
Full of these Thoughts and anxious Cares,
To Wisdom's Goddess she repairs;
Implores her Aid to guard her Prime
Triumphant over envious Time.
Lo Pallas with her Wish complies,
Blends all the Colours of the Skies,
And gives, to make those Colours stand,
Her Pencil into Huffy's Hand.

The Nineteenth Idyllium of Theocritus.

THE little wanton God of Love

Rambling thro' *Ida's* pleasant Grove,

By chance a Honey-comb he meets,

And thievishly purloins the Sweets.

A Bee the little Robber spies,

And to preserve her Treasure flies;

His rosy Finger straight she stings,

The Wood with his complaining rings,

He beats the Earth, he groans, he cries,

And to his beauteous Mother flies:

Ah! see, Mamma, how large a Sting,

And made by such a little Thing.

In her fair Arms the Goddess press'd

Her Son, and smiling thus address'd;

Thy Picture, *Cupid*, plainly see,

In that severe, that little Bee:

Tho' you the least in Heav'n art found,

Yet how dreadful is your Wound?

The INVITATION.

COME, *Selima*, my charming Friend, and share
With me the balmy Sweets of rural Air;

If from *Eblana's* high majestic Seats

To blissful Solitudes and calm Retreats

You can retire, haste hither, and you'll find

An Entertainment gentle as thy Mind.

Here's no Attendant of unwieldy State,

No powder'd Footman opes an Iron Gate;

Beneath your Feet no Marble Pavements shine,

No stucco'd Flowers from the Roof decline,

No Roman Windows here exclude the Day,

To hide in Northern Climes the Sun's bright Ray,

No Vista's here in Form attract your Eye,

Nor Fountains spout in Columns to the Sky;

But an unbounded Prospect charms the Sight,

And Nature all herself gives full Delight;

Here Health, and Ease, and Innocence reside,

While unperceiv'd the happy Moments glide;

Come then, my Friend, and doubly bless the Scene,
 Neglect a while your sighing powder'd Train,
 Content in your *Arpasia's* Heart to reign.

To Mr. H U S S Y, on drawing my Picture.

WITH what an undeserved Grace,
Huffy, you've drawn *Arpasia's* Face?
 Thy powerful unequal'd Art
 Such sprightly Life and Warmth impart,
 That ah! I fear it will be said,
 That is the Life, and I the Shade.

To SELIMA, on her Recovery from the Cholic.

WHEN Envy with malicious Spight
 Thy rising Charms survey'd,
 She sicken'd at the beauteous Sight,
 And vow'd to make them fade.

Fell

Fell Cholic's Form the Fiend put on,

To rack thy tender Breast,

To make the blooming Cheek look wan,

And break thy balmy Rest.

But Heav'n with Med'cine's quick Relief

Remov'd the tort'ring Pain,

And, to the Fury's endless Grief,

You brighter Charms regain.

So Roses droop beneath a Shower,

And hang the lovely Head,

But when the Sun resumes his Power,

They glow with purer red.

A S O N G.

Y E Muses in Measures well chosen,

Your Poet enamour'd oh teach

To melt down the Ice that has frozen

The Heart of my dear Nancy Stretch.

Beware, oh ye Swains, of blind *Cupid*,
He sucks my poor Heart like a Leech,

Alas ! he has struck me quite stupid
By a Glance from the Eyes of *Miss Stretch*:

The tallest and fairest *Circassian*
In the Grand *Turk's* Serail's but a Sketch

Of the Charms that first raised my Passion
For my ever ador'd *Nancy Stretch*.

The softest Ideas of a Lover,
The Lilly, the Rose, and the Peach,
Are faint to the Charms we discover
In the Person of sweet *Nancy Stretch*.

Not the Sailor, when after a Storm
He safely doth land on the Beach,
Is with Transports of Joy half so warm,
As I by a Smile from *Miss Stretch*.

II. Beware
III.
IV.
V.
VI. Not

VI.

Not *Haddock*, tho' he on the Ocean
The rich *Spaniſh* Galleons should catch,
Would feel such a pleasing Emotion
As I should in seizing Miss *Stretch*.

VII.

Fain would I tell how I love her,
But her Merit's so far from my Reach,
That should I my Passion discover,
I dread the Disdain of Miss *Stretch*.

VIII.

For when I would talk to the Fair One,
I quite am depriv'd of my Speech,
In Silence I stand and I stare on
The Charms of my dear *Nancy Stretch*.

IX.

Alas! if she does not believe me,
On Earth there won't be such a Wretch,
For nothing could happen to grieve me
So much as the Frowns of Miss *Stretch*.

X.

My Torments, alas ! are so many,
 Like a Dog I wou'd carry and fetch,
 Might I be so happy as * *Veny*,
 To lie on the Lap of Miss *Stretch*.

.M.V.

To Selima, on her Birth-Day.

A T length in *Selima* I find
 A Beauty form'd to fill my Mind ;
 Adorn'd with every winning Grace
 Of Soul, of Body, and of Face ;
 Unskill'd in Female Wiles and Art,
 She speaks the Language of her Heart,
 Thence nothing flows that's light or vain ;
 Her Speech is gentle as her Mind serene :
 So Rivers by their Brightness shew,
 How pure the Fountain whence they flow ;
 Her Height's majestically tall,
 Her Waist ! how regularly small,

With

* Her Lapdog.

With as much Grandeur in her Mein
As grac'd the fam'd Egyptian Queen :
Raptur'd we view the speaking Eye,
Bright with the Tincture of the Sky ;
A pearly Whiteness decks her Skin,
Warm'd by the crimson Flood within ;
Her Cheeks, her Lips such Charms disclose,
They'r softer, sweeter than the Rose.
But, ah ! in vain I tune the String,
The Beauties of the Nymph to sing,
My Skill unequal is to teach
The wond'ring World the Charms of Stretch :
They shou'd descend to future Days,
In Barber's Paint or Damon's Lays.

To the same on her Birth-Day.

L E T Joy and Pleasure tune the Lay,
Ever to bless the happy Day,
That gave my fair one Birth ;

This

This Day, on whose auspicious Morn

The softest, sweetest Nymph was born,

That ever grac'd the Earth.

The partial Lover's utmost Care,

Cou'd never paint her half so fair

As is her outward Form;

And even Friendship's Voice is weak,

The many powerful Charms to speak,

That her soft Bosom warm.

Of every Grace she's there possest,

To make herself or others blest;

Graces that ne'er can fade:

Beauties unborn Time shall o'ercome,

While *Selima* shall boast a Bloom

That Time cannot invade.

To Selima, on her Birth-Day.

I.

SEE, Selima, the Evening Sky,

Where starry Orbs promiscuous lie,

Their Light we no one's Bounty call,

But the united Force of all.—

II.

See too in yonder gay Parterre,

The Beauties of the Spring appear,

Their Odours, and their various Dye,

Regale the Smell, and charm the Eye,

Their Sweets we no one's Bounty call,

But the united Force of all.

III.

Hark, how the Warblers in the Grove,

With Melody repeat their Love,

And as they fly from Spray to Spray,

The Wood resounds the tender Lay;

Their Notes we no one's Bounty call,

But the united Force of all.

IV. Thus

IV.

Thus, not, my Fair, thy Eye so bright,
 Nor Lip, nor Cheek, forn'd to delight,
 Nor Neck, nor Breast so lovely fair,
 Thy tuneful Voice, nor graceful Air ;
 Not one we justly cou'd prefer,
 Where all so amiable appear ;
 No Charm can we superior call,
 We feel th' united Pow'r of all.

A S O N G:

SHALL I pull down the full orb'd Moon,
 When riding in her highest Noon ;
 Or call each starry Spark on high,
 To leave the azure vaulted Sky ?
 Attempts like this are not more vain,
 Than to recal my Heart again ;
 Shall I bid the radiant Sun
 Cease his wonted Course to run,
 Or the ever rouling Sea,
 Her accustom'd Tides delay ?

At

Attempts like this are not more vain,
Than to recal my Heart again:

III.

Shall I bid the Flowers of *May*,
For icy-crown'd *December* stay,
Or feather'd Snow to fall around
When the Dog Days parch the Ground ?
Attempts like this are full as vain,
As to recal my Heart again.

A SONG, *the two last Stanzas mine.*

TO feed my Flock, to watch my Fold,
To guard my tender Lambs from cold,
In vain are Arts, like these my Care,
Since Pomp and Splendor strike the Fair.

In vain the rosy Wreath I bind
In Garlands, for her Head design'd ;
She chuses glitt'ring Gems to wear,
For Pomp and Splendor strike the Fair.

In vain with Innocence and Love,
 I strive the Charmer's Heart to move,
 In vain I'm constant and sincere,
 While Pomp and Splendor win the Fair.

EPIGRAMS.

To Miss —— in a Riding-Habit.

VAINLY you strive to charm Mankind,
 With that fantastic Dress;

It only serves to make them try
 If they can like you less.

To the Same.

YOU say, nought but the Fear of Hell,
 From amorous Passion keeps you clear ;
 You're safe, if nothing else you dread,
 The Men will never send you there.

On my Marriage

DALINDA.

THE Man that shall *Dalinda* take,

To have, and eke, to hold,
Will swallow a most nauseous Pill,

For being wrapt in Gold.

For she's a very scold.

To FIDELIO in Winter.

SEE, my *Fidelio*, prithee see,

The rural World decay like me;

The Trees their verdant Beauties shed,

The Flowers dying hang the Head,

The purling Streams in Ice lie bound,

And Snow conceals th' enamell'd Ground;

Thro' weeping Clouds the Sun appears,

Rises in Mists, and sets in Tears,

To Ivy Caves the Birds retreat,

And for returning Pleasure wait.

Around the Chill, the dreary Scene,

Is nought but Desolation seen;

Arpasia

Arpasia so appears, if e're
Arpasia in thy Eyes was Fair ;
The Roses from my Cheeks are fled,
The Lip no longer boasts a red,
By Pain depriv'd of all their Light
My Eyes, alas ! no more are bright,
My Spirits frozen o're I find,
A very Winter in my Mind.
May I not then, *Fidelio*, say,
I see the World like me decay ?
But all their Beauties will revive,
The Trees, the Flow'rs again will live,
Again the Streams will freely flow,
And murmur to the Lover's Woe,
Bright *Pbæbus*, with returning Rays,
Shall cheer the Birds, and aid their Lays.
Not so with Beauty, that in vain
We strive to keep or to regain ;
In vain we wish, in vain we mourn,
The Fugitive will ne'er return.

Then,

Then, oh ye Power ! that bless'd each Charm
With Force *Fidelio's* Heart to warm ;
With lasting Charms adorn my Mind,
And still preserve my Lover kind.
No Winter then our Joys shall prove,
But Spring for ever crown our Love.

S O N G .

On four Ladies bathing, by Robin Good-Fellow,
Poet Laureat to Oberon King of the Fairies.

Tune, Vaux-Hall.

O H ! with what Pleasure panting,
Have I a bathing seen,
Four Nymphs, the most enchanting,
That ever tripp'd the Green ;
When Phœbus just was bending,
To Westward all his Beams,
To Thetis Arms descending,
They sought the cooling Streams.

The Place in which they sported,

Was near a verdant Plain;

Where Oberon resorted,

With all his merry Train,

Surpriz'd at so much Beauty,

The King stood in amaze;

Then told me 'twas my Duty,

To celebrate their Praise.

There sweet *Emilia* trembling,

Stood on the Bank afraid,

A twinkling Star resembling,

That glitters thro' the Shade.

Charlotte, full of Charms,

A lovely *Naiad* seems,

While with her snowy Arms,

She cuts the yielding Streams.

IV.

Fair Margaret undressing,

Springs to the Waves in haste,

The Waves the Fair carefessing,

Flow round her taper Waist.

Here Laughter loving Molly,

Plays quite devoid of Fear ;

And with desportive Folly,

Defies each cloudy Care.

V.

They from the Waves bound lightly,

And dance upon the Plain,

While Margaret ever sprightly,

Begins the tuneful Strain :

Cou'd with fresh Vigour warming,

Aetœn rise to Light ;

He'd risque a new Transforming,

For such a charming Sight.

EPIGRAM.

IN spight of the warm Desires of her Heart,
 Titiana's a violent Prude,
 And good Reason there is, why she acts this hard
 part,
 To herself and her Lovers so rude.
 The beautiful Roses that Bloom in her Face,
 Must pay the fond Swain for his Kiss,
 For shou'd she admit of too near an Embrace,
 They'd fly from her Cheeks into his.

SONG.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story most merry,
 But not of the Abbot of Canterbury,
 On no stupid old Tales my Fancy shall rove,
 I sing a Philosopher deeply in Love.

Derry down, &c.

EPIGRAM.

How

How vain are the Precepts of Sages of old !
How vain their Advice, or the Stories they've told !
Not *Newton* so famous cou'd teach us the Art,
To guard from Love's Stroak's a Philosopher's
Heart.

Derry down, &c.

The Power of *Cupid* who'll hope to withstand,
Since *B****, who has so many Worlds at command,
Who causes each Planet to set and to rise,
Shou'd yet fall a Victim to *Celia*'s bright Eyes.

Derry down, &c.

But I very much fear you'll ne'er conquer her
Heart,
By your excellent Skill in the Star-gazing Art ;
For he'll make a sad Lover you'll readily own,
That's still looking up, when he ought to look down.

Derry down, &c.

Nor grieve that to Beauty a Prey you shou'd fall,
Since Love is like Death, a Fate common to all ;

And Nature declares it will always be so,
Since every Thing tends to its Centre, you know.

Derry down, &c.

The powerful Attraction by her Charms you feel,
Most justly resembles the Magnet and Steel;
For on you as a Magnet she certainly acts,
Since her Coldness repels, as her Beauty attracts,

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

AH woe's me poor *Willy* said,
My Spirits e'ry Day grow less,
My Heart's become a Lump of Lead,
E'er since I left my smiling *Bess*.
My Passion grows so wond'rous strong,
As Words but faintly wou'd express,
The Accents die upon my Tongue,
And Sighs must tell my Love for *Bess*.

II.

Not all the Trappings of a Queen,
Equals her plain, her simple Dress,
No Trimmings like the Apron green,
Of my neat charming Quaker *Bess*:
The Coif and folded Hood she wears,
Are charming even to Excess;
How nicely artless still appears,
My unadorn'd, lovely *Bess*!

III.

My faithful Love I will proclaim,
Nor try the Fire to suppress,
'Till the dear, gentle, lambent Flame,
Catches the Heart of charming *Bess*:
Ah! wou'd the happy Hour arrive,
That she'd a mutual Pain confess,
I'd envy then no King alive,
Possess'd of my dear sprightly *Bess*.

IV.

Ye Powers, let me her Love obtain
 In Pity to my deep Distress,
 Or I shall sink beneath the Pain
 Of Frowns and Scorn from lovely *Bess*.
 Shou'd each fair Nymph attempt Relief,
 And me with kindest Love caress,
 'Twould not asswage the mighty Grief,
 I shou'd sustain in losing *Bess*.

III

To Miss Dawson, on her beautiful Needle-Work.

HA D fam'd *Arachne's* Work been such as thine,
 Had Nature thus appear'd in every Line,
 Minerva ne'er the beauteous Piece had torn,
 Nor wou'd the Fair her alter'd Figure mourn,
 The Queen of Arts would grant the Prize was won,
 And own the Goddess by the Nymph out-done.

T R U T H Told.

TH E Sun had ting'd the Skies with Gold

And Westward all his Splendor roll'd,

When *Chloe*, wandering o'er the Plain,

Approaching saw her faithles Swain,

The guilty Youth would fain have fled,

She feiz'd his Hand, and thus she said,

‘ Say, fickle *Damon*, still too dear,

‘ Why with that cold neglectful Air,

‘ Dost thou thy once lov'd *Chloe* greet,

‘ And is it thus, ah! thus we meet?

‘ Yon flowery Bank, and spreading Shade,

‘ Were Witness to the Vows you made,

‘ And every Charm of Womankind,

‘ You told me, were in me combin'd;

‘ The truest Swain you swore to be,

‘ As among Nymphs the fairest me;

‘ What then has cool'd my Shepherd's Flame?

‘ Trust me, I think myself the same:

Has

• Has Kindness blighted all my Charms?

• Say, did they wither in thy Arms?

• Cease, charming *Chloe*, to upbraid —

Thus with a Sigh the Shepherd said;

• You still are lovely, still are fair,

• As charming still your Face and Air,

• As bright your sparkling Eyes still shine —

• But, *Chloe*, you, alas! are Mine:

• A constant Man you'll never find,

• Our Sex to Changes are inclin'd,

• And we grow false as you grow kind.

*On Lord CHESTERFIELD's being detained by
contrary Winds.*

FOE to my Spirits, South-east Wind,

Never till now I deem'd thee kind,

Continue still to blow;

Still may thy charming adverse Gales.

Forbid the Yacht to spread her Sails,

Nor let lov'd Stanhope go.

II. Tho'

II.

Tho' he has never bleis'd my Sight,

Nor ever did my Ear delight,

I still shall happy be,

To breathe the Air with *Chesterfield*,

Pleasure to every one must yield,

But more much more to me.

III.

To me condemn'd by Fortune's Frown

To live in Solitude unknown,

Deny'd each Joy to share,

Deny'd those Pleasures to receive,

Which *Chesterfield* alone can give

To each attentive Ear.

A Translation

II

*A Translation from a Translation of the Ninth
Ode of Horace.*

Bellamira and Arpasia.

Bell. WHILE I remain'd the Darling of your
Heart,

And no encroaching Friend cou'd claim a Part ;

I envy'd not great Carolina's state,

But thought myself as happy, and more great.

Arp. While I'd your Heart, and no more happy she,
Had stole away your wand'ring Soul from me ;
When *Ama*'s Bloom cou'd not my Charms out-shine,
And gain a Conquest that before was mine ;
I envy'd not the great *Czarina*'s Fame,
Though conquer'd Nations own her awful Name.

Bell. My charming *Ama* now your Place supplies,
Her Wit resistles as her sparkling Eyes,
To save her Life, I with my own would part,
And freely give it, as I gave my Heart.

Arp.

Arp. Ophelia, now the soft, the lovely Maid,
Loves me, and is with equal Love repaid ;
If by my dying she might longer live,
I'd give two Lives, if I had two to give.

Bell. Shou'd Friendship's Goddess yet our Hearts
unite,
And each of us adore what now we slight ;
If *Ama* yet, with all her Wit shou'd yield,
And wrong'd *Arpasia* shou'd regain the Field.—

Arp. If so, tho' you were Cruel and Unkind,
Less to be trusted than the Seas or Wind,
She much more kind, more charming and more true,
Yet shou'd my Friendship live for none but you.

An EPIGRAM.

INFELIX *Dido*, nulli bene nupta marito :
Hoc pereunte, fugis ; Hoc fugiente peris.

E N G L I S H ' D.

Ah ! wretched *Dido* in thy married State,
While neither Spouse bestow'd a happy Fate ;

By

By thy *Sicbeus'* Death first doom'd to fly,
Then by *Eneas'* Flight condemn'd to die.

From Ausoneus.

QUI te videt Beatus est,
Beator, qui te audiet,
Qui Basiat Semideus est,
Qui te potitur, est Deus.

E N G L I S H ' D.

Happy when I see thy Eyes,
Where Love in beauteous Softness lies,
Happier when thy Voice I hear
Breathing Musick in my Ear,

A Demigod, when from thy Lip,

Love's ambrosial Sweets I lip,

When on thy snowy Breast I lie,

I am all a Deity.

E N G L I S H ' D.

At a Miserie Die in der Miserie Sie
; am neueren Stil a woflesch lappet Ears ;
On

On the Death of Mr. C——'s Linnet.

MOURN all ye Muses, every Grace deplore,

The tuneful *Linny*, is alas ! no more ;

Cou'd Verse to him restore his vital Fire,

Like sweet *Tibullus* wou'd I tune the Lyre,

Cou'd Tears bid fleeting Life again return,

Like *Lesbia* o'er her Sparrow wou'd I mourn ;

Nor Verse, nor Tears the fleeting Life can stay,

When Grief too potent wings the Soul away :

The Muse reports, and thus she bids me tell,

The last sad Accents that from *Linny* fell ;

From *Hannah* torn, and *Nancy* ever dear,

And doom'd my *Willy's* Mirth no more to hear,

In vain, *Arpasia* tries to ease my Care,

And banish my too just, too deep Despair :

In vain the Saffron brings, and Cochineal,

No Cordial sure a broken Heart can heal.

But yet one Comfort thro' this Gloom appears,

Abates my Pain and Death's sad Prospect chears :

When

When other Birds the tuneful Strain shall try,
 And my lov'd Master stands attentive by,
 He'll sigh, and own no Notes with mine can vie.
 I yield to Death, immortal be my Name,
 His Praise deserv'd ensures a lasting Fame.

On his MAJESTY's Success at the Battle of Dettingen.

C O U'D I like Homer or like Virgil pen,
 Immortal Verses for immortal Men,
 Charm'd with Great Britain's King I'd tune my Lyre,
 To sing his calm Command amidst the Fire ;
 From mounted Batteries, and of charging Hosts,
 Of Household Troops, which Lewis vainly boasts,
 The Prime of Men, with whom he means to gain,
 All Europe's Ballance, and to succour Spain.
 But GEORGE ! Heroick Prince oppos'd his Way,
 And left him nothing, but the Dream of Sway :
 Exalted Courage in so just a Cause,
 Soon check'd a Pride, unlimited by Laws.

His

His glittering Squadrons yield to British Force,
And flying perish in Main's rapid Course :
Defeated in his Views, at length he'll find,
He must submit to George's nobler Mind ;
Thus wild Ambition by his Sword restrain'd,
The glorious Cause of Liberty's maintain'd.

SILVIA to STREPHON, aboard the Cruiser.

IN vain the Seas with swelling Billows rise,
And dreary Mountains hide thee from my Eyes,
Deep in my Heart is thy lov'd Image plac'd,
Nor can by Time or Absence be effac'd :
Long has my Heart by different Passions rent,
Essay'd to give the struggling Torment vent ;
As oft did Modesty the Wish controul,
And bid me hide this Conflict of my Soul.
Ah ! rigorous Modesty ! What's lost by thee,
Who chains our Tongue, yet leaves our Senses free ?

When Tyrant Love will rule in every part,
 To keep thy silent Laws, we break the Heart.
 This way at length to tell my Grief I try,
 You can't my Blush, nor I thy Scorn espy;
 Ah! think my Pain, when smothering all my Sighs,
 I hid my Love in Friendship's soft Disguise;
 Think, to my Friendship too how much is due,
 When I could *Chloe* in thy Favour wooe :
 Surpriz'd I saw her treat with cold Disdain
 Him I could never suffer to complain :
 You know the Pangs of unrequited Love,
 And my Disquiets by your own may prove.

SILVIA to STREPON, ^{who on seeing her weep,}
said she no longer loved him.

NO more, my Love, no more, my Friend,
 Will I with Sighs or Tears offend ;
 Whate'er of Grief or Pain I feel,
 With studious Art I will conceal ;

and w

But

But as the Infant, taught to fear,
Will still the sad Impression wear,
A Ghost will in each Shadow see,
A Spectre in each moving Tree ;
Reason too weak a Power we find
To cure this Cowardice of the Mind,
And Arguments are vainly brought
To conquer all the Nurse has taught ;
Then if amidst my Smiles you spy
The sorrowing Tear glance o'er my Eye,
Or see my ill-dismembering Breast
Deep struggling with a Sigh suppress'd ;
By all your Love let me conjure,
You pity what I then endure,
Nor with unjust Suspicions tear
A Heart, which only you can share ;
For by my Life and Death I'll prove
I suffer but for too much Love.

A SONG

F 2

To

To Mr. C——r, with an embroider'd Cap.

A
CCEPT, my much esteemed Friend,
The formidable Cap I send,
With this, and Whiskers on your Lip,
And on your Chin the sable Tip,
With wrinkled Brow and Frown severe,
The Form of *Bajazet* you wear.
But, see, how wrong of Looks we deem,
How seldom Things are what they seem.
That Soul, which all that's evil scorns,
Which every social Grace adorns,
Cannot from Dress a Change assume,
Nor feel the outward mimick'd Gloom;
'Twill still be gentle, calm, serene,
And prove my Friend a *Tamerlane*.

A SONG.

A SONG. Tune, *Three-top'd Hill.*

CLELIA, let's hail the blooming Spring,

Come hear the feather'd Warblers sing ;

Let's to the verdant Meads repair,

And welcome the returning Year.

II.

Aurora see, in Blushes drest

Like thy fair Cheeks, adorns the East ;

Then see the God of Day arise,

And sparkle like my Clelia's Eyes.

III.

Beneath a fragrant Woodbine's Shade,

On Primroses and Violets laid ;

More real shall our Pleasures flow,

Than Courts can give, or Monarchs know,

IV.

There with *Urania*, thou and I

Will every anxious Thought defy ;

Unenvying the less happy Great,

We'll pity those who sigh in State.

Lord Guilford Dudley's Answer to Lady Jane Gray.

By Mr. K——.

YE solemn Lines! whose gloomy kind Relief
 Directs, by venting, how to soften Grief ;
 Whose friendly Aid oft soothes the Wretch's Care,
 And dries the Captive's or the Lover's Tear :
 Now that assuasive pleasing Office pay, 5
 Effuse my Soul, and all my Heart convey ;
 Each tender Sigh expressively impart,
 Just to my Love, and faithful to my Heart.

Alas ! what Pangs — here on the Verge of Life,
 What means this raging, this tumultuous Strife ? 10
 Why stray my Thoughts in this last dismal Scene ?
 Why groan my Spirits with a foreign Pain ?
 Why flows my Soul with Tenderness ? why driv'n
 To waste her Moments and relinquish Heav'n ?
 'Tis Love's soft Fires that to themselves subdue, 15
 And make it more than death to part from you.

If

If when my Griefs those wretched Lines shall tell,
(Yet happy too in being employ'd so well.)

When those fair Eyes shall view thy *Guildford's Moan*,
And read his Sorrows tho' but feintly shewn ; 20

Then if one tender Thought shall own a Care,
For all I've felt or all that yet I bear ;
Ah ! some of that exalted Virtue lose,
Be frail like me and soften to my Woes.

Whether thy dear Idea I deplore, 25
Or mourn those Charms that must be mine no more ;
With Tears behold thy Dissolution nigh,
While on thy Cheek the fading Beauties die ;

With me the Graces mourn with me complain,
They ne'er will bless so fair a Form again. 30

How shall I name that dear, that fatal Night, O
The Source of all my Sorrow and Delight ?
When first I saw thee charming as thou art,
And ev'ry Charm did thousand Wounds impart ;

I strove to speak, my Tongue its Aid withdrew, 35
 To Look and Sigh was all that I cou'd do ;
 Raptur'd I gaz'd, Strange Joys within me move,
 Alas ! I knew not that those Joys were Love ;
 I dreamt not too what Pangs such Bliss would leave,
 And e'er I thought of Danger was a Slave. 40
 All Night I wak'd, I wish'd, and sigh'd all Day,
 And ev'ry Wish, and ev'ry Sigh was GRAY.
 So touch'd, so lost, who shall my Peace restore,
 Or bid a Heart so quickn'd beat no more ?
 A Flame like this you only can restrain, 45
 From whose dear Lips, no Precept comes in vain.

Instruct me then, ah ! what hast thou to fear ?
 'Tis a good Office and a well tim'd Care,
 Why shouldst thou stay the pious Work to crown,
 Or scorn a Soul so much beneath thy own ? 50
 Yes charming Maid my Weakness I confess,
 Nor know like thee to make that Weakness less ;
 Confus'd, reluctant, I resign my Breath,
 Unequal to the mighty Task of Death :

Yet

Yet while aghast the dismal Scene I view, 55

'Tis not from Life I fear to part, but You ;

So much all I held dear I dread to leave,

So much my Thoughts are fetter'd to the Grave,

That when I'd call my Reason's stronger Aid,

And wing my Hopes beyond the silent Shade, 60

Still as they'd soar by sad Reflection crost,

The Gloom o'ertakes me and I think thee lost.

Yet say, oh! say, thou more than wondrous, whence
Springs all that calm, all that Indifference ;

No rising Sigh or soft descending Tear, 65

Proclaims one Pang of all I'm doom'd to bear.

Heav'ns self the new Creation to improve,

And make all Perfect, first implanted Love ;

It breathes, it moves, it tunes us into Joys,

Inspires the Human, and the Rude destroys ; 70

All the rough Hero with one Glance disarms,

Gives pleasing Wounds, and while it wounds it

Charms :

Kindly

Kindly bids Sympathetick Wishes roll
In the soft Fair, uniting Soul to Soul.

How oft revolving this our wretched State, 75

Have I curst all that the blind World calls Great ?

Greatness, the Fool's Desire, the Wiseman's Pain,

Scorn'd by the Meek and courted by the vain.

Let Fame the brave th' aspiring Victor draw,

Rule be his Portion and his Word be Law : 80

Let him be thro' extended Nations fear'd,

By Princes worship'd and by Kings rever'd ;

Unenvy'd thus the Hero could I see,

O Love ! what are his Thrones oppos'd to thee ?

Why were we not some happy rural Pair ? 85

Far, far remov'd from curst ambition's Care ;

A Lot obscure by humbler Fates assign'd,

All Passion I, and thou all over Kind ;

Where e'er I trod, my dear Companion still,

The shady Valley or the sunny Hill ; 90

The Leafy Grotto conscious of our Love,

The living Fountain and inspiring Grove ;

All Day I'd listen to thy Heav'nly tongue,
And Drink improv'd the Trans which Sages sung.

This you thought Bliss, and studious still to bleſs,
Thus would have had me judge of Happiness. 96

Oh! ever bleſs'd whose Mind each other wed,
Constrain'd by Freedom, and by Nature led ;
Wish answers Wish, and Thought to Thought replies,
Too soft for Words, their Language is their Eyes; 100
Before their Joys all foul Allays remove,
Poffeſſing ſtill, and ſtill designing Love :

Bless'd to this height who would beyond it aim ?
'Tis Wealth, 'tis Power, 'tis Glory, and 'tis Fame.

Ah ! curſt Ambition, now tho' late I fee 105

How much a Wretch ! how fall'n I am for thee :
A Wretch indeed, too horrid to reveal,
She falls the Victim of blind bloody Zeal.

Who ? Who ſhall intercept the direful Blow ?
Why Nods, why Sleeps eternal Justice now? 110
Obdurate Heart, th' infernal Work resign,
Mine was the Fault, the Punishment be mine.

Alas !

Alas ! she's gone, while I for ever rave,
And madly curse my Want of Pow'r to save.

Ah Wretch ! is't thus thou wouldest be termed
brave ?

The Thrall of Passion, and a Woman's Slave :
And yet the brave whom fiercest Thoughts inspire,
Soonest descend and own the fond Desire :
The haughty Conqu'ror 'mid triumphal Wars,
Bleeds at those Wounds and feels unusual Scars. 120
Even here where all around is Horror grown,
Love too pursues and meditates a Throne ;
Inspires my Organs and directs my Breath,
Tenacious still and permanent to Death,
I know 'tis vain yet hug the cruel Chains, 125
I wish for Freedom, yet reject the Means ;
I feel my Flame, yet not that Flame resign,
I curse my Fault and hug my darling Crime.
Now on some sacred Page I fix my Eye,
Then think of thee and all its Comforts flie. 130

Tea

How

How shall I sooth the sweet but killing Pain ?

Oh ! how extinguish or suspend the Flame ?

I read, but as th' unheeded Lines I view,

Attention wanders and each Thought is You.

Ah Medicine which, Minds free alone imbibe, 135

Th' untouched receive, and Men at Ease prescribe ;

Come thou and what those fail to Work instill,

Come thou my sad Co-sufferer in Ill ;

Come, with thy Words, thy Lips, thy Eyes reprove,

Them Lips, them Eyes, that taught me first to Love ;

While pleas'd I feel the dark Confusion cease, 141

I'll kneel and blefs thee for my Welcome Peace :

Expand my Hopes and with a Soul all free,

Mount up to Heav'n which else I lose for thee.

How calmly lives the lonely Anchorite, 145

Retirement Charms, self-yielding Joys Delight :

His Days one fixt, one steady round appear.

No Fires consume, no Pangs of Absence tear ;

For

For him blown Flow'rs their sweetest Odours bring,
For him new Incense breaths the op'ning Spring :

For him the Trees Celestial Nectar weep, 151

Him careful Seraphs lull to balmy Sleep :

Each Dream inspir'd confirms the Saint forgiv'n,

Assures his Peace and lifts his Soul to Heav'n ;

From all his Nights extatic Hopes arise, 155

Sweet Contemplation wraps him in the Skies :

Exalts the bright Ideas of his God,

And draws him nearer to the blest Abode.

Alas ! no Joys like these my Thoughts inflame,

Far other Transports fill each sensual Dream : 160

When from the Pangs of each imbitter'd Grief,

Slumbers disturb'd, diffuse a short Relief ;

Then Fancy loos'd dull Reason's Laws outsoars,

And all our former Days of Bliss restores ;

Thy Voice I hear, thy Looks I seem to view, 165

(Ye lov'd Illusions ! still your Frauds pursue)

Oh !

Oh ! dear dear Sweets of them all-giving Arms,
How glows Delight, how keenest Rapture charms ;
I clasp thee, press thee, melt in ev'ry Kiss,
And die away in visionary Blis. 170
The Morn at length, discloses all the Cheat,
And chases with the Shades, the lov'd Deceit :
In vain I wou'd the flitting Frauds detain,
I wake but to a quicker Sense of Pain ;
Thus sooth a while false Joys th' ambitious Mind, 175
Then flie and leave a weight of Woe behind.

Ah ! shall them Tears which for *Britannia* flow,
Ne'er fall for Love and own a softer Woe ;
Those Patriot Cares which still her Fate deplore,
Your Pity urg'd to rescue her before. 180
No guilty Lust of State inflam'd your Breast,
You only aim'd to make a People blest,
What Crowds of Ills for wretched *England* wait ?
When thou no more shall wrest impending Fate : 185
Pride shall return and Ignorance prevail,
Blind monkish Rage and cruel priestly Zeal ;

The

The weeping Orphan shall behold his Sire,
Approve his Faith amid the fun'ral Fire ;
While sacred Truth shall veil her shining Light,
Involv'd in Clouds of superstitious Night. 190
With thy white Shade she waits but to remove,
And waft it joyful to the Thrones above.
See in each Eye a solemn Grief appears,
Or silent Sorrow or fast flowing Tears ;
The hardest Hearts, to melting Pity turn, 195
And the relentless wonder how they mourn :
In me consenting Grief with me they join,
Alas ! their Sorrows are as vain as mine.
Oh ! I could stray despairing and alone,
Where the glad Beams of Comfort never shone ; 200
Where vernal Sweets their beauties ne'er reveal,
Nor the slow Streams in sliding Numbers steal ;
No distant Landscapes strike admiring Eyes,
Nor stately Groves in waving Prospects rise,
But where hoarse Winds shou'd beat the naked Shore, 205
Loud Tempests rattle and rude Billows roar : 206
See

See yon blake Rocks that to the Skies ascend,
Waves rage below and Clouds above impend ;
There mad Despair extends her horrid Reign,
The hapless Loves and Discontent her Train ; 210
For ever round her waits the flaming Bands,
Care musing fits and Frenzy wrings her Hands :
And see the beck ns me to the sad Dome,
And screams aloud ! come thou, distracted, come ;
Here wild with me for ever make your Moan, 215
Divide my Empire and partake my Throne ;
Here even ever thy hard Fate deplore,
And mourn with me for thou shalt rest no more.

How fix'd ! how mild ! thy stedfast Soul appears,
Alike remov'd from Pleasures and from Cares : 220
No mental Strife nor inward strong Disease,
Breaks on thy Quiet or disturbs thy Days ;
No rude Blood riots nor no Passion glows,
There all is still and fix'd in sweet Repose.
Calm as the Slumbers of the spotless Mind, 225
Or the smooth Transports of a Breast resign'd ;

Serene as Joys that bless the lonely Shades,
 And mild as Visions of inspir'd Maids.
 Not so alas ! my ruffled Hours decay
 Torn by Extremes and mad Affections Prey. 230
 Once (like thyself) I knew an even Mind,
 Each Thought compos'd and each Desire resign'd ;
 This weak fond Heart could all that's dear remove,
 Still ev'ry Wish and yet submit to Love ;
 To quench that Flame does more than Man require,
 As sure he's less that's senseless of its Fire. 236

~~Lo ! here in prostrate Grief sad Guilford laid,~~
 I try of Groans the Force of Pray'r is the Aid ;
 The Midnight Vigils and the contrite Cares,
 Heart-broken Sighs and Penitential Tears. 240
 Now to the Sacred Page my Eyes incline,
 And op'ning Comfort dawns in ev'ry Line ;
 Now the full Organ kindles other Fires,
 While on the Notes my mounting Soul aspires ;

I

SERENE

I think on thee! — Devotion fades away, 245

No more my Vows ascend, no more I pray.

Despair not Zeal her baleful Visage rears,

And gives me back to all my frailer Cares;

Sighs that still heave and hopeless Fires that glow,

Griefs always fresh and Tears that ever flow; 250

Yet Death at last shall break the hapless Lot,

Those Tears resign'd, and even Love forgot.

Oh then farewell! no more will I complain,

Lo! *Guilford* unto Death devotes his *Jane*:

Compos'd, resign'd, unmurmuring I submit, 255

While thee, my Life, my Love, my All, I quit;

May he who has Pow'r alone, absolve thee here,

(If Truth like thine and Innocence can err)

That calms infuse to Virtue only meant,

And Hopes as strong as bless the dying Saint. 260

W. K. Your Country your Country the Widows Care

And those the People O�bisse the Wining Tear;

How sweetly they with Heaven Weep their Troubles

Who grieve the Upbraided beauty their Heats

I think on thee, — Doloron inde amar.
On a MISER.

No more my woes increase, no more I bly.
WHEN Midas did transmuting Power possess,
 It strait destroyed his real Happiness ;
 He with the golden Banquet almost starv'd,
 The Gift relinquish'd and his Life preserv'd :
 But — were that mighty Secret thine,
 Think in creating Gold your Days well spent,
 And choak'd with the lov'd Metal the Content.

To! Guillaud unto Desir devoeze pris Enne :
 To Mr. T — P — Esq; on Gratitude,

WHEN Evill around a grateful People plays, M
 For Publick Benefits theim Publick Praise ;
 Forgive the Muse who ventur'd to reveal
 Those Virtues you too ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~ly~~ ^{ly} ~~conceal~~ ;
 Your kind Compassion sooths the Widows Care,
 And stops the helpless Orphans flowing Tear ;
 How hateful they when Heaven Wealth imparts,
 Who 'gainst the Unhappy petrify their Hearts ;

Or

Or if their Mite affords the wretched Ease,
'Tis not from Charity, but Love of Praise ;
A Thought so mean your secret Bounty scorns,
And the Concealment more the Gift adorns ;
On you the Deity showers his Blessings down,
Because you live not for your self alone,
And shall with endless Bliss your Virtue crown.

On being desired to write something on Mr. ——

TO Praise the ungenerous I, in vain,
The virtuous Muse implore ;
Her Aid she'd grant with the same Pain,
Avaro yields his Store.

Wrote at a Funeral.

WH Y do unthinking Mortals fear,
Death the Reliever of our Care ?
Call'd by the King of Kings away,
Shall I wish my Friends shou'd stay ?

Shall I wish they shou'd remain,
 Midst unceasing Toil and Pain ;
 Only to share with me the Woe,
 I'm deem'd on Earth to undergo,
 Their Lot is everlasting Peace,
 Soon my Sorrows too shall cease ;
 Soon shall this too tender Frame,
 Mix with Dust from whence it came,
 Th' immortal Soul then free as Air,
 Immortal Happiness shall share.

On L Y S A N D E R.

WHILE all my Soul's with anxious Care
 opprest,
 And Griefs or true or fancy'd swell my Breast ;
 O'er all my Form the sick'ning Sorrows spread,
 And like a long crop'd Flower droops my Head :
Lysander comes — I feel the potent Charm,
 New Life inspire, and with new Pleasures warm
 Forth

Forth from my Heart the quick'ning Spirits fly,
Glow on my Cheek, and sparkle on my Eye :
Oh Power of Love !—So when the God of Light,
Dispels each baleful Vapour of the Night ;
His radiant Beams bid drooping Nature bloom,
The Fields their Verdure, and their Sweets resume,
With lively Colours every Flower glows,
With tuneful Murmurs every Riv'let flows ;
The Birds like me to praise th' Inspirer try,
They *Phæbus* sing, and dear *Lysander* I.

A S O N G by Mr. K—.

I.

S A D'Colinet to Verdures gay,
All in an Ev'ning Fair,
In pensive Mood resolv'd to stray,
And give a Loose to Care ;
These Words his Tongue repeated oft,
Where now my wonted Ease ?
Ah why had I an Heart so soft,
And not more Pow'r to please ?

II.

Say Echo, has her Accents blest
 E'er yet your mimic Voice ?
 Ye Flow'rs, by her dear Limbs deprest,
 Did e'er your Banks rejoice ?
 Tell me, ye Dryad's of the Woods,
 Who range the happy Grove,
 Tell me, ye Naid's of the Floods,
 Have ye not seen my Love ?

III.

My Love is like the shady Lawn

At Ev'ning Vesper's rise,
 Or when the fragrant rose Dawn
 Red tinges o'er the Skies ;
 All Hybla in her Lips is found,
 And when she would beguile,
 The willing Graces dance around,
 And live in ev'ry Smile ?

IV. When

IV.

When I would kneel in the soft Cause,
To plead against Disdain,
My rebel Tongue its Aid withdraws,
Apostate to my Flame ;
My Eyes would speak—yet oh fond Eyes,
Reveal not ye the Smart ;
Thee Tongue, eternal Silence seize,
Thou Traitor to my Heart.

Life a B U B B L E.

W H A T a constant round of Pain,
Mortals here on Earth sustain,
Real Happiness requiring ;
Ne'er obtaining, still desiring,
A fruitless Search for future Joys,
All our present Bliss destroys,
Is there ought that's worth this Trouble,
No, for Life is but a Bubble.

VI

He whose vain ambitious Mind,
 Fain wou'd lord it o'er Mankind,
 And to raise himself on high,
 Dares even sacred Majesty ;
 Are Crowns or Sceptres worth his Trouble,
 No, for Life is but a Bubble.

He who by thirst of Gold opprest,
 Wrongs Mankind to fill his Chest ;
 Robs the Orphan, starves himself,
 All to hoard up useless Pelf ;
 Are earthly Riches worth this Trouble,
 No, for Life is but a Bubble.

He who o'er the noisy Glas,
 Lets the precious Minutes pass ;
 And in riotous Delight,
 Blends the Hours of Day and Night ;
 Sickness and Remorse procuring,
 Sorrows worse than Death insuring,

Are

Are Years of revelling worth this Trouble,

No, for Life is but a Bubble.

He whose humane and gen'rous Breast,

Suffers for the Soul distrest;

He whose meek and happy Mind,

Is to the Will of Heaven resign'd;

Who from his justly earned Store,

With pitying Heart relieves the Poor,

He who with Temperance receives,

The Blessings bounteous Nature gives,

Eternal Joys shall crown his Trouble,

And prove his Life was not a Bubble.

JULIA and BELINDA.

By Mr. S—

J Olly D—, wou'dst thou know,

J Who's the Nymph that wounds me so,

Wou'dst thou have me tell thee true ?

D—, I'm in Love with two,

Julia

Julia Fair, Belinda Coy,
All my am'rous Hours employ,

Julia more than mortal Fair,
Like Diana does appear,
When among the sacred Groves
With the Virgin Choir she roves,
Graceful and Majestical
Thus she overtops them all,
Nor her Dart more fatal flies
Than the Wound from *Julia's Eyes.*

Not with Charms so fiercely bright,
Soft *Belinda* chears the Sight,
Yet no less they surely move,
The beholder's Heart with Love,
'Tis not every blooming Grace,
That adorns her lovely Face,
Nor these nameless Beauties seen,
In her amiable Mien,

But

But the sweet, engaging Air,
So peculiar to the Fair,
And the Charms which she displays,
In whate'er she does or says
That without my Knowledge have
Made me more than half her Slave.

Julia's Charms are like Mid-day,
Scorch'd by Titan's fiercer Ray,
Whose immoderate Heat does harm,
While it only meant to warm.

But Belinda's Beauty like
Evening mild our Senses strike,
Which with no less Force impart,
Pleasing Raptures to the Heart.

Julia am'rous, free and gay,
Sports the dancing Hours away,
Mirth and Jollity attends,
Wheresoe'er her Steps she bends;

And with bewitching Looks flings her charms,

Ever profligate Money wastes,

While

While the Lightning of her Eyes
 Makes a thousand Hearts her Prizes,
 Yet on me alone dispense,
 Their benignant Influence,
 Yes, tho' mighty ~~be the Boast,~~
 Charming *Julia* loves me most,
 Most of all the Rival-swains,
 That possess these fertile Plains.

But tho' gentle as the ~~Pair,~~
 Of immortal Doves that bear,
 Cytherea when she flies,
 In her Car adown the Skies,
 See *Belinda* virtuous Maid,
 Of her tender Heart afraid,
 Round her sacred Person keep,
 Guards (alas !) that never sleep ;
 Lo ! Discretion seated there,
 Close her Lips, and stern her Air,
 And with downcast Looks stands by,
 Ever blushing Modesty,

Who

Who with Countenance severe,
Feed my Love and my Despair.

As beneath some fragrant Shade,
My faint Limbs supinely laid;

When Sol's Beams intently beat,
All corollating Cities shoo!

I secure me from his Heart,

While each aromatick Bough,

Sheds its Sweets on me below;

And debties in Penuy poit
So methinks with *Julia* blest,

In her Bosom I cou'd rest.

But Time flies with ominous haste.

But Time lies with envious halte,
Hallowe'en Day - or - The Devil's Night.

When the Spring of Youth is o'er.

Sickly Autumn tries his Pow'r:

Then what boots the leafy Shade-

Soon it's verdant Honours fade,

And it's Store of ud'rous Sweets.

Now no more my Senses greets,

But loud Storms and Rains instead,

Beat on my defenceless Head.—

But some - & others put to query if?

But Belinda good and Fair,
 How shall I, my Friend, compare?
 Like—to what?—Yes, now, I'll tell,
 Like some neat, well furnish'd Cell,
 Underneath whose humble Roof,
 All corroding Cares aloof;
 Blest with Happiness and Peace,
 I cou'd lead a Life of Ease;
 And despise in Plenty bold,
 Summer's Heat and Winter's Cold.
 End, my Fair, then end the Strife!
 Give me Love, and give me Life!

On a bad Poet's turning Critick.

WORSE Critick of bad Poets made,
 Appius takes up the judging Trade,
 As if his Verse was not enough,
 To shew itself its proper Stuff;
 At all Adventures he to shant it,
 Becomes a Critick but to damn it;

He

He proves that to the vast profound,
No Depth or Measure can be found,
For *W*—'s Thought had sunk so low,
No Mortal could beyond him go ;
But yet to our Surprize we find,
That *Appius* leaves him far behind ;
Who knows tho' sunk to that degree,
Some one may deeper sink than he !
Hail wondrous Bard ! thy Works declare,
We had no Reason to despair :
You deeper still and deeper sink,
Of subterranean Waves to drink ;
Thus in your Works with Ease we fix,
Which is *Lethe*, which is *Styx* ;
Styx gives that fordid foul and Mud,
Too dark to be e'er understood ;
And *Lethe*'s Water dead and deep,
Inspires Oblivion and Sleep ;
New Worlds of Dullness you explore,
As great *Columbus* did before,
Ah ! Stay thy Hand lest it be found,
That you've exhausted the profound.

Answer to the foregoing. By Mr. B—.

THUS much we learn from antient Story,
That *Mevius* carp'd at *Virgil's* Glory ;
Who yet in Pity to the sorry Bard,
Began to think he merited Reward ;
Therefore he tack'd him to his sacred Song,
And thro' the stream of Time has brought along
His Name, which mention'd thus thro' endless Days,
Immortal lives beneath great *Virgil's* Bays.

To answer thee, or view thy fordid Lays,
Would be but honouring thee with too much Praise ;
But as great *Maro* gave an endless Fame,
To him that dar'd attack his sacred Name ;
The great Example that inspires my Line,
Bids poor *W—* amid' my Numbers shine.

The Villain thus who *Dian's* Temple fir'd,
By being mention'd, has what he desir'd,

Hill of Howth — By Mr. K—.

HA I L sacred Hill ! where all my Wishes rest,
For ever happy, and for ever blest !

What tho' you boast not *Windsor's* well-sung Shades,

The green Retreats and ever Flow'ry Meads ;

What tho' no Landscape's lengthening Charms

surprise,

No Fountains gurgle, nor no Forests rise ;

Round your blake Rocks no Sylvan Beauty's reign,

No tripping Dryad dances on the Plain ;

Yet the young Loves and Graces all repair,

To gild your Horrors, for my *Anna's* there.

To Miss E—— L——. By Mr. K—.

IF Beauty be, or not, is in Dispute,

But you are handsome if I think you so ;

Be grateful then unto my am'rous Suit,

'Tis just I should partake what I bestow.

Beauty and Wit create each other still,
Then pretty Miss and I in this are quit,
Her Charms inspire my Thoughts and move my
Quill,
I give her Beauty, and she gives me Wit.

To CLELIA. On her Birth-Day.

GAY as the Season of the Year
That gave fair *Clelia* Birth ;
Her sprightly Eyes our Hearts can cheer
As *May's* warm Sun the Earth.

Those lovely Eyes, in which we find
Beauties to give Delight,
Are but faint Pictures of a Mind
Replete with all that's bright.

Thy pleasing Form and blooming Youth
The Gazer's Heart may bend,
But thy Sincerity and Truth
The Lover holds, and Friend.

Those

Those are the never-failing Arts
Which Love secure or gain ;
Beauty may win the conquer'd Hearts,
Good Sense the Power maintain.

To Miss L—, in her Illness, by Mr. K—.

THOU dreadful, ugly, meagre Fiend,
Can nought thy Rage restrain,
When Sweetness smiles, wilt thou not bend,
Shall Beauty bloom in vain.

Hear, while I bribe, obdurate Power,
For once relenting be,
Add to her Days, and for each Hour
You give, take Years from me.

S O N G.

SONG.

Tune, Glide swiftly on ye silver Streams.

FROM all the noisy Cares of Town,
To sylvan Scenes I hasten,

In Shades to lose, or Streams to drown

Those Pangs which Lovers taste.

But oh! how vain is every Art

A deep fix'd Flame to move,

When every Object shews a Part

Of her I'm doom'd to love.

Her Breath the balmy Zephyrs bear,

Her Cheek is in the Rose,

Her Voice in *Philotel's* I heard

Her Neck the Lilly shews.

10 JU 68

F I N I S.

